

Tril of b2aintfo2DS

Testament. Newly
Compiled.

97b



Proface maistris Yllian with your company
 I pray you fil you not to much of the mutton
 I promise you that it is very queise
 And o: ye be ware wil make your bely button



Take no thought good sir how I shall be fild
 But come you nether I take parte of our swilling
 Lene your curtesy I pray you be pylld
 And couer your head/ The shew the filling
Prologus

Epilogus of Robert Copland the auctor.



A Wyntfoure on þ' west of London
Sigh to a place that called is Wynt
There dwelt a widow of a holy sort
Honest in substance & full of sport
Daile she could with pastime and Jestes
Among her neighbours and her guests
She kept an Inne of right good lodging
For all estates that thither were comming
It chaunced this widow as it is supposed
In her sporte and merily disposed
After her death for a remembrance
Thought to haue some matter of pastance
For people to laughe at in such company
As are disposed for to talke merily
Mingled with many proper scoffes & boords
Of sundry causes with some merry wordes
The which I haue heard at many seasons
Full of pastime with pretie reasons
For playn dialling ouerthwart
There saide euer ye shall haue a part
Of Trill of Grauntford for your paine
The which saying oft troubled my brayne
For I neuer knew what the matter was
Nor could the meaning bring to passe
Till at the last vpon a day
I met on John hardlesay
A merry fellow in ech company
Which said Copland thou lookest dy
The fruthe quod I is as ye say
For I drank not of al this day

All

And

3
And of a short tale to make an end
to the red lyon at the Chables end
We went for to drink good ale
and as he was telling his tale
I offered him for to drink first
Copland quoth he art thou a thirst
And biddeth me afoze the to drink
to my iudgement I do think
Of Tyll of Brentforde worthy thou art
by her bequest to haue a part
And truly now is come to my mynde
not long ago how I did finde
An olde scrow all ragged and rent
beleming it is some mery entent
As diuers say that do it reed
but gallant toyces ther semes indeed
It is Antick, broken, and so rased
that all the cheef is clene defaced
Take it and I pray the hartely
looke thereon and if thou espy
That it be of any substance
of mirth or of honest pastaunce
And Where thou spiest that it dooth want
or where for lack the matter is scant
Put to it as is accordyng
to the matter in euery thing
Keep it with thee, and take sum payne
the poore mare shall haue his man again.

¶ When I came home, at leisure
My hart not partly at pleasure

4

For the losse of a certain freend
As God knowes few be to finde
For recreation I it toke
to pas the time thereon to loke
And of troth oft in the reding
it did sit me to fall on smiling
Considering the pety pastime
and rydicle order of the time
The couert termes, vnder a mery sence
shewing of many the blinde insolence
Taunting of things past and to come
where as my self Was hit with some
And for that cause I did intend
after this manner to haue it pend
Praying all them that mery be
if it touch them not to blame me
¶ An end of the prologue.

Heere foloweth the peface and Testament of
mistres Jyllpen of Bzaintford



His mery widow maistres Jyllian
On a day dysposed ioyfully
By any way that I presuppole can
Ordyned a little banket of deinty
At the which to bere her company
For certaine of her neighbours she sent
and for her Curat to be there present

Praying him for to bring paper and ynke
To write somewhat after her entent
She made him cheere of her meat and drink
¶ All that

That doon she said, this is mine intent
That you as now shall write my testament
For I doo feel that age dooth me oppresse
Good is to haue all thing in rediesse

My neighbours here shall be with you record
how I am penitent at this making
And whole of minde now thanks to our Lord
how be it I haue oft a brewd shaking
Ye shalbe pleas'd for your pain taking
yea maistres quod he I am your curate
I am bound to serue you erly and late

Wel than quod she, In dei nomine Amen.
My soule I bequeth to our Lord almighty
He hath it made, it is his owne then
he hath it bought, it is his be right
In heauen to be in the eternall light
and to the earth I bequethe my body
It is his owne I can it not deny

My sinnes all I commit to the Deuil
let him take them with him to hell
For he was the causer of all mine euill
My goods to the world ye I doo wel
For they be his I can it not expell
heere I found them, heere they must remaine
Saue fame & name, I leaue nothing certain

Now vnto my freends, reason is I should
haue a singuler aspect by nature
I giue vnto them all that they holde

As much

As much as I doo to any creature
If they get ought then are they sure
After my death if they do for me
I bequethe to them of my charitie

But now good sir I pray you for to take
This cup of ale and drinke ones for Gods sake
For I am dispos'd to ordain a hole
To all manner people thorow a hole
For I would not haue to ouer much please
Lest that with throning my almes should cease

Now ye haue drinke ones good ghostly father
I trust for to make an end the rather

And write as I doo bid you hardly
I bequethe a fart to him that is angry
With his friend, and wots not why

To him that selleth all his herptage
And all his life liueth in seruage
I bequethe a fart for him in his age

He that sets by no man, nor none by him
And to promotion faine would clim
I bequethe a fart, for to make him trim .

He that wil not lerne, and can doo nothing
And with lewd folk, is euer conuersing
I bequethe a fart, for to his living

He that bozoweth, without aduantage

Adieu,

And

And receiue more reuenueth in arreerage,
I bequeath a fart for to lye to gage

He that giueth, and keepeth nought at all
And by kindenes to pouertie dooth fall
Shall haue a fart to help him with all

He that is euer wayward at hart
And with euery man is ouerthwart
For to please him I bequethe a fart

He that hath drink in his hand and is dry
Bidding him drink first that standeth him by
I bequethe a fart his thirst to satisfy

He that hath a faire wench in bed all night
And kisseth her not onse or it be day light
Shall haue a fart to clesse his eye sight

He that lendeth a horse with all things meet
and on his own voyage goeth on his feet
Shall haue a fart to keep him fro weat

He that suffereth all maner of offence
and loseth his goods through neglygence
Shall haue a fart for a recompence

He that taketh a wife and hath nothing
and borroweth althing to them belonging
I wil a fart toward their offering

He that prepareth not for his householde
Against

Against winter, and him self is olde
Shall haue a fart, to keep him from colde

He that goeth to a feast, to sup or to dine
and hath no knife w him, neither course nor fie
Shall haue a fart, for to drinke w his wine

He y borroweth so much, til none wil lend him
and sweareth so much, til none wil helpe him
Shall haue a fart, for to releue him

He that mourneth for that, he cannot haue
and vnpossible to get, that he dooth craue
Shall haue a fart, as a foolish knaue

He that dooth nothing, but haue and poll
and taketh no thought, to saue his soll
Shall haue a fart, his passing bel to toll,

A p[re]ntice, or seruant that wil not obay
and wil not lerne, but oft run away
a fart for his freedome, I doo puruay.

He that suffereth his wife to do her lust
and seeth that to folly he is full trust
Shall haue a fart, though I should burst.

A widowe that once, hath been in the brake
and careth not whome that she dooth take
Shall haue a fart, though mine arg ake

A maid that marrieth, not caring whome
B. and

And dooth repent when she cometh home
Shall haue a fart to by her a come

He that dooth drink euer more
and wil not wist to pay therfore
Shall haue a fart for to set on his scoze

He that goeth to a fray at the beginning
and to a good meale at the latter ending
Shall haue a fart for his good attending

He that goeth oft where he is not welcome
And to his freends house goeth but seldome
Shall haue a fart for his good wisdom

¶ Maistres Iyll

Now holde your hand make a Nay there
How many farts haue I bequest heere
For by my trothe I am almoste wery

¶ The Curat.

For sooth maistres/ heere is foure and twenty

¶ Maistres Iyll

Nay set in one mo to make a hole quarteron

¶ Curat

Tell me what, and it shall be doon anon

¶ Maistres Iyll

Mary he that dooth his wepon lend
And hath nothing him self to defend
Shall haue a fart, and there an end

These I doo bequethe in especiall
But as for all the other in generall
that are without number shall not be swarued
But delt to all such as haue them deserued

¶ Bnt

But tary I pray you all if ye please
 for I feel me suddenly euil at ease
 It is a sitch, rumbling in my side
 Which dooth greue me at many a tide
 I must rest me til the pang be gone
 for other medicin knowe I none
 It commeth in manner of a winde
 That causeth my bely for to grinde
 I feare it wil turn to a strangury
 to an vndom, or to a tympany
 With qualines & sitches it dooth me torment
 that all my body is torne and rent
 I haue a little box ful of diaculum
 I dare not for nigardship take sum
 I wisse I am buwise so for to spare it
 for I should take therof a fore the fit

¶ The Curat.

With that she groined as panged with pain
 griping her bely with her hands twain
 And lift vp her buttoke somewhat a wy
 and like a handgun, she let a fart fly

¶ Maistres Jyll.

Ah sira, mary a way the mare
 the deuil giue thee sorow and care
 for thou hadst me almoste slain
 I pray God thou come neuer again

¶ The Curat.

With that sum laughed, and sum did frown
 and for shaine held their heads down

¶ Maistres Jyll

Be mery neighbours, much good doo it you
 I thank God, I am wel eased now

¶ Bil.

¶ Lo

11
Lo there is my greif gon and past
I wist wel that it would not long last
I pray you all for to be mery
I giue it among this company
For to make you some cheer with all
For I tel you mine executors shall
Neuer haue all, by God I sweere
I wil deale while I am here
Now and than, where as I list
By Chauce I tell you, I haue a chest
ful that shall be open while I liue
Secretly and openly for to giue
I shall haue inough/ I wil not them spare
As wel for other, as mine owne welfare
When I am dead they that come after me
Shall dele the rest, at their necessitie
Therefore as now, this is sufficient
As concerning this said Testament
To subscribe your names it shall not skil
For I make it but a copy of a wil
As touching the choyce of mine executors
Of my funeralles/ and suruicours
And other trifles ye shall not take the paines
Another tyme when it comes in my bzaines
It shall be ordered after such a sort
That some shall not take it as a sport
But neighbours I pray you be not angry
Because that I am so bolde and homely
To keep you heere at my foolish reason
Some wil think my wittes be geson
But yet I tell you that all this season
We haue neither said hereby nor treason
And

And if they take it neuer so at hart
 I wis it is but a bequest of fart
 Willed to them that with out aduise ment
 Doo that thing where they repent
 Therfore I wil you no longer trouble
 What maid, come hither I shew you neck
 Bying vs by shortly a quart of Beek
 a cuple of Bunnes and let vs some cheese
 Lo frends, ye shall not all your labour leese
 I haue as now no better cheere to make you
 Be mery and Welcome, to God I betake you
 Finis.



E The auctoz

When þ company was all passed & gon
And þ curate with maistris Jil alone
maistris & he, if it be your plesance
ye know it is þ custome & ordinance
Of them that write a deed. indenture oz Bil
That it is of right, reison and skil
Some recompence of labour for to haue
Giue what ye lust, for I wil not craue
By our Lady quod she, that is but wel said
what Johan Howc/ come hither maid
So call the company again to me
for I haue to say/ two woordes oz thre
When they came, she said neighbours I pray
you beare record what I doo say
I sent for you/ for a certain purpose
which a fore you. I did disclose
The trueth is so, after the same rate
I did send also for maister Curat
To write the same my simple Testament
Now indeed, as is conuenient
He dooth aske for his labour therfore
indeed, because he made no bargain before
And dooth put it to my conscience
Truely this shall he haue for a recompence
And because afore hand he knew not my minde
he shall not finde me to him unkinde
A sarr and a half/ I wil giue him no les
nor no more this is of my gentlenes
For he þ woorketh/ unknowing what to haue
Not half a sarr is woorthy for to craue
and

And beside that, a hood full of bels
Why quod the preest, get I nothing els
Than to the deuill, I giue whole fart half & all
nay take it thy self, foolish sir hoball
Sir John whipdok, sir Jak whipstock
Sir John smellnock, as wise as a woodcock
A hedge Curat, with asmuch wit as a Calf
To sit so long for a fart and a half
But to prooue your braines to be thinner
Or euer ye go / pay for your dinner
This she tailed, as her manner was to test
and so without farwel lost her dayly gest
Finis.

¶ Thus endeth Iyll of Brainfords testament
containing xvi. farts and a half.

¶ An exhortation.
My maisters I pray you all that shall reed
Or heare this little pretty fantasie
Passing forth meryly in it to proceed
The manner how for to dele moste egally
This half fart, truely for to try
That the Curat, for his parte be not denyed
Of the fart and the half, and let the rest ly
and who shall haue y half amōg you to be tried

In this matter if you doo agree
who shall haue this half fart, say ye?

¶ Imprinted at London by me
William Copland.